

Deep Down

by Browlax

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Summary: Twenty-year-old Nicole Knight discovers she is moving to the well-known Haddonfield, Illinois. What happens when an idea of hers goes way out of hand? Remember, there's no turning back! (Based on John Carpenter's Halloween. Events are during 1982, it's like 'Halloween lll: Season of The Witch' being ignored.)

1. Changes

There was something different about Haddonfield, Illinois, comparing from other hometowns. Something lurks through it's streets, something pure evil. The boogeyman. Not a boogeyman who hides in the closet, underneath your bed, nor your dreams...he was different, comparing from your normal boogeyman. He was born flesh & bone, in the name of Michael Myers.

Every citizen knew about his unstable childhood, which was one nobody would appreciate. The six-year-old child, Michael Audrey Myers, murdered his seventeen-year-old sister, Judith Margret Myers, on the night of Halloween in 1963. Later in the future, he was locked up in the Smith's Grove mental hospital for fifteen years, waiting patiently for his final day to come. On October 31, 1978, Michael, who was 21, escaped, returning to his hometown, Haddonfield, Illinois. He tried to murder his baby sister, Laurie Strode, but he failed, no matter how hard he tried.

There was nothing worse than moving to this area, which I figured out not too long ago. I didn't like the thought of moving there. Icy spines travel down my spine at the very thought of it.

Days drift by, & the moving day has arrived. Oh no. What could I do to benefit this problem? Unfortunately, nothing.

Me & my parents carried full packages out to our large van, reluctantly pacing back & fourth. Sweat ran down my pale face, this weather was ridiculously steaming this week. Luckily, I'm wearing my

tint blue shorts & green tank top, along with my curly brown hair up in a ponytail.

Meanwhile, Haddonfield was in our presence. Of course, I wasn't very exult about this. There was nothing I could do, unless my parents change their mind. Our new home was directly next to the boogeyman's, goodness, how frightening this was! Now my concern increased.

My parents & I unpack our packages, reluctantly, since there were so many. I sigh, trying my very best to not think of the home next to ours. Eventually, all of our belongings were stored in our separate bedrooms. Mine, luckily, was upstairs, just like I wanted it to. Finally something fortunate happened to me. I'm lucky it's not downstairs, by the fact Michael Myers could simply watch me do my everyday hobbies.

The next thing I usually do is research on my laptop, the only device I use, on my bed. I liked to research about biographies. They always interest me by the childhood, adulthood, purpose, whatever you could think of!

I got up, walking over to my only window, which was open, eyeing the boogeyman's home. I gasp, my dark brown eyes widened, & in a split second, I slammed the window down until it was shut. I saw a large figure standing outside, & it was Michael staring directly at me. For a quick second, I looked away, & I looked back towards the window, he was gone. That scared the living crap out of me.

I turn around & plop onto my bed, huffing out inhaled air, my eyes halfway closed. I needed some rest before I did anything else. I lay my head on my soft, fuzzy pillow, fully closing my eyes. I kicked my blanket off my bed, I was too hot to put it over me. What good would it do?

Thoughts sail through my head. Michael Myers...he's the main subject. What if he decides to bust a window & put my parents & I in horrifying danger? That wouldn't be pleasant. I panic at the thought of him not being able to die. He always come back, always. He's not human. He's been through brutal troubles; stabbed with many sharp weapons, shot six times, walking back, falling from a second balcony, burnt in a fire, alive...he should of died, but he didn't. What terror that sinks into my heart.

After a few minutes, continuing to think about the boogeyman, a mischievous idea came to me...

2. Danger

It was nighttime here in Haddonfield, Illinois. I watched the bright white moon suddenly rise, the sky was beautiful. I feast my eyes on it, drawing away my attention from what I was doing. Suddenly, millions of bright stars shine bright like diamonds in the sky, along with the moon.

In my mind, that 'plan' I had attached to my brain. I thought about exploring the boogeyman's childhood home. I had no idea if I should do it or not. Should I? Would it be smart? Would it be the wrong choice? I told myself I should, no matter how dangerous it could possibly be. Tomorrow night, midnight.

I woke up this morning, hearing ringing, turning towards my loud alarm clock, seeing '7:30' on the digital screen. I've woken up this early? I'm pretty sure I set on 8:00.

Today's Monday, the worst time of the week for most kids these days. School. I didn't have anything against it. Although, I will say it can be a trouble. For these past few days, students treat me respectfully, while on the other hand, the others tease me for being 'different' from others. Nobody really talked to me, but I had a few friends.

I never put any focus on the drama we had at school, nor was I part of it. It was on being educated through my school years. As long as I continue on, I'm happy.

Tonight's the night, the night for discovery. I pace towards my large closet, walking over many pairs of shoes. I reach for my Nike bag. Let's admit it, I'm tall. I'm three inches higher than my mother.

I open the blue bag, going around my large bedroom for supplies I might need. Who could go out to a dangerous place without supplies they could use? I put a few clothes, underwear (I'll definitely will be using that each day), deodorant, & more useful items in the bag. Wait- there's something very important I can use. A knife. I can't go out to Michael Myers's home without a knife.

I went through my storage drawer & took out a small case. It had a used knife inside, it was mine. I have many others in storage, but this big one will do me good. I even carved my name onto it.

I was attempted to bring my laptop, but the thought of Michael destroying it came to me. Unless he'd be kind to leave it alone, but that seemed impossible to me, so I think I'll leave it on my bed for it's dear safety.

My parents were asleep, fortunately. Just like I expected. To check, I crept into their bedroom, seeing them peacefully sleep in slumber. Perfect.

I tip-toed towards the front door, trying not to make a single sound. My Nike bag hung down as I carry it on my back. Out I go.

I felt the night breeze suddenly hit my pale face, it was getting cold. Oh wait, I forgot I packed a warm jacket in my bag. I took it out & pulled my arms through the soft sleeves. The warmth reached out over my body, I felt much more better.

Alright, the old Myers home was in my path. I took a deep breath, feeling my heart pound rapidly in my chest. Spikes met with my feet as I stepped onto the mat in front of me. I slowly creak open the door, taking a peek through the narrow crack. Darkness filled my vision.

I silently took a small step inside, causing the wooden floor to make an unpleasant noise. I clamped my hand over my mouth, praying nobody could hear it. I walk towards the living room, I saw an old, tore-up couch sitting in front of a television. I looked around & saw candles light up on the wooden shelves. Who lite them? Michael?

I walk backwards, turning around to see a large shadow peek around the corner. Uh-oh. I silently gasp, leaping for the front door, landing on my stomach. Before I could even touch the doorknob, a large hand pulled my foot, causing the scream reaching for my throat to muffle. My eyes widened in fear. There was no turning back.

Strong arms wrap around me. I tried to pull them away, but it just wouldn't work. There was no escaping. My puny strength couldn't do anything to defeat the boogeyman, which I know who it was. Suddenly, the arms loosened, & I tumbled to the ground, gasping in relief. Before I could even blink, Michael's cold hands lifted me into his arms. I wrapped my own around myself, uncontrollably coughing, gasping for air.

I'm in huge trouble.

3. Experiences

I was inside a large, dusty bedroom as I looked around. I was sitting on a wide bed while a masked serial killer sat next to me. The room had little light, since I noticed white, waxy candles lite by small, orange flames. The bed I was on was very comfortable. It made me want to shut my eyes & fall asleep in dear slumber. But I couldn't. Due to the person beside me.

Michael's dark eyes were focused on me, like if I really fascinated him. I stared back, gulping nervously by those dark eyes piercing me. They held no emotion. He was difficult to read.

I gulp again, this time a little more harder. I was attempted to interact with this monster, but I wondered how he'd respond.

"Hi."

All that escaped from my female mouth was a simple 'hi'. He titled his head, as if he never heard of that word.

"I know you. You're the man who killed your sister at the age of six. Michael Myers."

He didn't respond, not like I would expect him to.

"Nicole is my name."

I tried to have bold courage by sticking my hand out to him. I expected him not to shake it, & as I thought, he didn't. That was alright, I know the boogeyman wouldn't shake with me. I blushed as my right hand went down by my side.

"Michael, are you furious with me for cruising through your home?"

...And his unresponsiveness continued.

"You know, I'd appreciate a response."

Actually, the response was heavy breathing that escaped from his

mask. Indeed, it was annoying.

Michael sat still the entire time as I watched him. I wonder if he could actually function his vocal chords, but he may have lost the ability to. Maybe they stopped working, if that would happen to anybody. Personally, it's okay with me for his silence. It would be nice for him to speak with me though.

Blushing, I felt a tingle in my bladder. It was a sign of using the restroom. I know this will be very embarrassing, but I had to tell Michael if I reluctantly didn't want to feel this unpleasant feeling.

I looked up at Michael. I noticed his focus was on his hands, & not me.

"Michael," I said, tapping my index finger on his left arm. I felt his tense arm twitch. My jaw almost dropped as I witnessed what just happened. Nobody's muscles ever twitched as I made skin contact with them. This was strange.

He turned his head at me, swiftly. He seemed surprised.

"Um, I need to use the bathroom.", I blurted. I was so embarrassed, my cheeks turning redder than a tomato. Michael stared at me, then pointed his index finger to a white door, which I figured it was the restroom. I expected him to stare, but he didn't.

I got up, walking towards the door near me. I turned the silver doorknob, slowly pushing it open. I walked into the small room, shutting the door behind me. Moments later, after cleansing my small hands, I opened the door once again, this time a little swifter. I walked back into the bedroom, sat on the blanket-covered bed, but something was missing. Michael. I took sight of the door slightly open, but not too much. This tells me he went out someplace, but I would have no idea where. I laid down, pulling the royal blue blankets over me, feeling warm.

I've gotten used to hearing heavy breathing & lack of movement beside of me, but right now, it wasn't there. After a few hours with Michael, I've already gotten used to the presence of a masked serial killer. Why so quickly? I suppose I get the hang of people easily, based on my time here with him.

I was tired. I decided since Michael was not here, I could go to asleep in slumber. I closed my tired eyes, gently laying my head against the soft pillow below, peacefully falling asleep.

About an hour later, I woke up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. I found the mysterious Michael Myers in my presence, gazing directly at me. I took notice of a large butcher knife held by his right hand, gulping as my heartbeat quickened. I felt gnawing at my stomach & growling from it. I had an empty stomach.

"Michael, I think I'm hungry.", I anxiously grinned, putting my hands over my stomach to proof the hunger. He stared at me for a second, getting off his spot to reach for the door. My jaw quickly dropped in astonishment.

Minutes later, I heard the door creak open, squeaking as I saw tint

light fill my vision. Pitch black boots walked over the wooden floor & a tall shadow came towards me. I saw something in Michael's right hand. From inferring, it looked like something I could eat.

It was a bag with a peanut butter & jelly sandwich inside of a plastic bag. I felt excitement course through me at the sight of dear food. I grinned.

He walked towards me, handing the sandwich to me. I offered another smile to him. "Thank you."

No response, but that didn't bother me. I opened the plastic bag, taking out the edible item, nibbling on the delicious taste of peanut butter, jelly, & bread combined together. That rich taste made a large grin grow across my face. I wasn't thinking of where it came from, due to being drawn into the taste of my sandwich.

As I finished the sandwich, I put the plastic bag to the side. I put my knees up to my chest, burying my head between my legs as my dark hair drooped over my knees. I was about to _cry._ Not in front of Michael. When I cry, I always try to hide it when it happens, but it usually never works. Hopefully, it would. Moist liquid stream from my sad eyes as I tried to conceal my feelings from Michael. It's just like him wearing his infamous mask to conceal his secret face. Speaking about his face, I wonder what was underneath that mask. I want to know. Maybe it was disturbing...maybe it was_attractive._ I wonder about that so much, all the time.

~Michael's P.O.V.~

The girl I was kidnapping dug her head between her legs. I'm very curious for what's going on underneath there. I think she's _hiding _it from me. I would guess she's sobbing, since she's making weeping noises that were quiet, but I could hear them perfectly. That definitely reminded me of how I wear my white mask all the time to hide my true face, & what's underneath is kept for myself. Well, actually, the nurses at Smith's Grove, where I was raised for a majority of my life, know what's underneath this fake rubber. My all-time doctor knows too, but he always kept it to himself. He always talks about me, since I'm his main obsession. Things to explain my rage that grows inside of me.

I was attempted to reach a hand out towards her, but I couldn't. I pulled my large hand away, putting it on my lap. I didn't want to show her I can commit _innocent _actions_. I'm not the most truthful person on this planet, because I hide innocent actions & show my rage instead. That's how I want people to think me as. Pure evil.

I stared at Nicole, who was definitely crying. I saw a single tear droop onto this soft, luxury bed we both sat on. I _almost_ sobbed with her. Again, I can't show innocent actions. I must hide them.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Hey guys! Thank you so kindly for staying tuned with my fan fiction! :) I'm sorry you waited almost a whole MONTH to have a third chapter. Things have been stressing me out right now, so I'm pretty busy. Definitely school. I started this a long time ago, & I was too lazy to work on it, so I wanted to finish it...here you go! :3 Enjoy!

4. Memories

I gazed at the man beside of me, hungry to learn more about him. He really fascinated me for some reason. The emotionless mask he wears twenty-four seven, reactions that showed _some _humanity, such as the infamous head tilts he gives, his lack of movement...he was something. I wonder what his other hobbies are, besides slaughtering poor, poor souls all the time. I wonder how his family treated him when he was younger back during his childhood days. Especially Judith Myers. What her relationship was with her little brother before she was brutally murdered by him. I wonder what Michael did when he was held in the Smith's Grove Sanitarium several years ago. I hate to admit it, but I feel _terribly sorry _for him. Being held there for fifteen years & waiting that long is definitely not normal for someone. _Inhuman._

Now I wanted to know something.

"Michael?", I politely asked him, clamping my hands together. He turned to me, his eyes glaring into mine. I stared into those eyes. I saw something so _beautiful _in them, but I couldn't understand what it was. They were also beautiful, the color mysteriously gorgeous & so similar to my own eyes. Usually, when I watch those eyes stare at me, I see nothing but darkness & that pitch black color, but, today, it seemed like something far from that appeared. What could it be?

"I have a question for you," I said. "How was it like to feel that terrible pain as you were being brutally burnt four years ago?"

Michael stiffened. He remembered the pain he felt back in 1978. He never felt something so painful. He remembered his baby sister, Laurie, his crazy psychiatrist, Dr. Loomis, who lite the huge fire in the hospital, the place where Laurie was taken care of.

'_Well, it certainly did hurt.', _Michael wanted to say to Nicole, but, of course, he couldn't.

Nicole counted it as no response. "Well...let me ask you this. Did it hurt?", she asked, curling her fingers around her legs, innocent eyes sparkling into his. His response was a simple nod, the very first time Nicole has seen that happen from a deadly killer. She usually received blank, emotionless stares.

"O-Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I, I can't imagine what that felt like. If I were you, I'd be glad to survive such a deadly explosion. Pain comes & goes. Just like that.", she explained to Michael, snapping her fingers at her last sentence. He remained silent, his heavy breathing echoing through his ghostly, white mask.

Michael got on his feet, walking towards the wooden door to grab it's golden knob. He slightly twisted it, slowly creaking it open. He walked out through the exit, locking the door he opened, along with every other door in his old home so the poor girl he kidnapped couldn't try to escape.

~Nicole's P.O.V.~

I slightly shut my dark eyes as Michael left the large bedroom. I laid down onto the luxury, cuddly bed I remained on for flying time. I slowly rested my gentle head onto the bone-white pillow, sighing.

I went back to memories of my childhood long ago. I remember a close friend my Mom had, Edith. I couldn't remember her last name- from memory, I think it began with an 'M'. I was a one-year-old child. I usually wore tiny dresses, along with varieties of outfits. I had a favorite doll. I cuddled with it when I was in my crib, but, one day, I lost it when I was three-years-old. I cried for it, but it was no longer to be seen.

Almost every time Edith came to my childhood home, she brought a little boy with her. I believe it was her son, but I I forgot his name.

He was six-years-old back then I believe. He had shaggy, sandy-blond hair with soft-brown eyes. He was shy, but indeed, very generous. He didn't talk much- maybe because of his shyness. When he was with his mother at my home, he had his hands in his pockets, rarely speaking a word. Sometimes, when he made sight at me, he'd lend me a kind grin or a simple 'hello'. His voice was a mature, soothing kind, which made him seem to be a mature, twelve-year-old boy. I would coo or giggle back at him, my tiny hands stretching out to play with his blond hair. He giggled when it happened. He was such a child.

I wonder what happened to him, because my mother's friend no longer came down to socialize or have fun with her since October 31, 1963. I've been wondering about that since. I wish I knew him more than I did back then.

Okay, so I remember Michael Myers was in a coma for ten years, so this is definitely different from the series. Just wanted to point that out.

I'd say this chapter is what makes things interesting. It explains about a 'boy'...now who could that boy be? XD You guys will find out...maybe you have now. LOL

This is a little short, but, chapter five is already written, because it was supposed to be part of chapter four, but, I felt the need to split them. Right now, I'm working on five, so keep your eyes peeled!
;3

Thank you so kindly for reading!

Michael Myers Â© John Carpenter / Debra Hill.
>Nicole Knight belongs to me.<p>

5. Digging Down Into Roots

~Nicole's P.O.V.~

I fell asleep during my childhood flashback. I woke up, shaking the sleep off of me. I turned from side to side to see if Michael was in my presence, but I couldn't feel it. I yearned to feel the presence of a crazed serial killer. Something inside me forced that feeling to happen.

I felt Michael really began to be compassionate towards me, since he actually helps me stay alive, even by the most minor ways. A serial killer most likely would murder anyone he or she lays eyes on. I thought Michael wouldn't even think about the word 'survival' towards me. Not at all.

I mysteriously bumped my elbow on a hard surface as I turned around to comfort the soft pillow I slept with. I was confused, then I recognized what it was. It was a dark-green, rectangular box. In a crafty manner, I slightly danced my fingers on the sides of the lid. I carefully & gently pulled it off, placing it beside the box. Facing towards the door Michael enters & exits through, I made sure he wouldn't catch me snooping through his stuff- if the box was his to take a guess. Still, I knew he wouldn't set up security cameras in this bedroom.

Inside the mysterious box, I flipped through many photos & papers. Every waking second, I looked up to make sure I wouldn't be in a load of trouble with Michael. I prayed he wouldn't catch me doing this. The first photo I saw was a young lady- I was guessing she was around eight or ten- with silky hair & dark blue eyes. To take a guess, it was the poor Laurie Strode, the sister of the Boogeyman, the girl who was one of the Halloween survivors.

The next photo I flipped through was another teenage girl. She had straight blonde-hair with a white headband on. She had icy blue eyes. I could tell it was the deceased Judith Myers, the girl who was murdered by her younger brother, Michael Myers, who was six-years-old at the time when it happened.

I picked up another photo.

A young boy appeared on the photo. He had shaggy-blond hair & soft brown eyes. Just like my childhood friend! He was slightly smiling, not by too much. He had his hands in his pockets, rarely facing the camera. I had a confident feeling he was Michael, but I could of been wrong. It could of been another relative.

There was one more photo. It was a family picture from what I can tell. I saw a charming baby girl, a teenage girl, & the young boy, the same people I saw on the other photos. There were two grown-adults, which to me seemed to be a married couple. I saw the woman first. My eyes suddenly widened. It was my mother's old friend, Edith! Was that her tall husband Donald next to her?

Wait...this can't be right. If all five of them together were a family, Edith was on the picture, along with her son, this tells me Michael was my childhood friend! Holy cow!

This really can't be right, I felt paranoid. No wonder Edith wouldn't come down to visit my mother anymore since the Halloween night of 1963! Michael killed Judith, then, he was sent to Smith's Grove!

There was a sheet of paper at the very bottom of the box, folded neatly. I slowly unfolded it, trying my best not to rip it. It was a drawing, which to me, a child must of did childish handiwork over the canvas. I saw five people. A tall man with a neat suit on, a much shorter woman with a nice outfit on, a tall girl with a headband & a

pink outfit on, a little boy who was much shorter than her, wearing a plaid shirt & knee-length shorts, & a very short girl who had on a very charming dress on with a sky-blue headband. I could bet Michael drew this when he was younger, if I could take a guess.

Footsteps crept near the front door. I quickly stuffed the items back into the box, popping the lid back on it & placing it where it was found. I quickly laid my head against the cuddly, white pillow, shutting my eyes tightly & facing the opposite direction from the door.

Michael's footfalls growled louder & louder. The louder it got, the quicker my heartbeat raced. I was excited for his presence, but also frightened.

A hand kindly placed it's self on my shoulder, gently shaking me back & forth, causing a minor twitch to rumble. I slowly opened my eyes, exult to see the man I yearned to facing me. I smiled, sitting up on my bottom.

I felt the need to tell him the truth for what I just did. I was reluctant to, since there was a possibility of getting killed so easily. He wouldn't do that, right?

In awe, I began to speak, gulping before I did.

"U-Uh, Michael,", I stuttered as Michael's head tilted to one side.

"I need to tell you something. I b-bumped my elbow on a box, but not on purpose, I swear! Anyways, I looked through it because of curiosity! I'm terribly sorry if that makes you angry."

Michael continued with a blank stare. He turned around to pull the box I snooped through out, pointing his finger at it, if he were to say, 'This?'

"Umm...that's the box I'm talking about.", I added, salty sweat running down my pale face.

"I'd like to add something. Uh...I saw a boy, a boy that I guess would be you. He looked familiar for some reason. He had blonde hair & brown eyes. I'm wondering, was it you, Michael?", I exclaimed, pointing a finger at him.

~Michael's P.O.V.~

My eyes widened beneath my mask. Nicole described my childhood features perfectly. That young boy was me. My heartbeat went wild as I curled my fingertips to clutch the sheets of the bed.

I, I can't believe it. I even recognized her for some odd reason. When I was six, I always played with a little baby as my mother Edith took me to her friend's home. I remember she used to yank my shaggy hair as she cooed, & I remember myself laughing too.

The charming baby's features matched Nicole's! I'm getting a strong feeling this girl knows me, & I know her. If I can remember, she was one, which would make her twenty, & I was six, & now I'm twenty-five.

I pointed at myself, then my temple to show knowledge, & then at Nicole. She tilted her head- something I've always done since- seeming to not understand. I did again, hoping she can understand me.

"Wait...uhh...er...you know me?", she finally guessed correctly. Goodness sake, hallelujah.

I slightly nodded, resting a foot over my leg.

"Do you?"

~Reader's P.O.V.~

Another nod.

Nicole took sight at dark, thin dust on the ground as Michael got on his knees towards it. She watched Michael point a thick finger to trace neat writing on it.

'MOTHER'

Okay, 'Mother'. What was next?

'MOTHER EDITH'

The two words gave Nicole a huge hint, which really improved her next prediction.

'MOTHER EDITH & FRIEND'

There it was. The key words that helped Nicole understand important details to find out the relationship between their knowledge.

"You know my mother was friends with yours?", she predicted, raising an eyebrow.

Yes.

"Wow...that's...that's so shocking! I can't believe we know each other!", the young lady claimed, clamping her palms over her round cheeks. She couldn't believe a young, generous boy transforming into a masked serial killer. That put a major affect on her, & she forgot for a split-second Michael _was _a serial killer! During that second, to her, he seemed to be an _innocent man!_

She took notice of Michael's wrists. Open, crimson gashes coursed all the way around to the very top of his wrists. Along with them, her eyes drooped down at his visible ankles. A fraction of the pant bottoms were ripped, more blood gashes coursing down to his dark boots. She then trailed her eyes up towards the man's neck to discover _another_ gash course to his broad chest.

She began to wonder what caused those crimson wounds to display over his flesh. If she could guess, someone must of slit him with something sharp to avoid becoming his victim. She felt concerned, & she wanted to make sure Michael was alright.

"Um, Michael, are you alright?", the curious girl asked the young

man, twiddling her thumbs.

He nodded, looking down at his un-healed wounds. He couldn't remember when he got them, nor did he care to. It wasn't like he stashed a huge list of wounds in his mind, but he knew they would become permanent scars.

"Oh."

Author's Note-

I went ahead & finished this chapter. Pretty quick, huh? :3

This chapter does dig down into roots of...you'll find out as you read it.)

Enjoy!

Michael Myers (c) John Carpenter / Debra Hill. Lucky fellows.
:c

Nicole Knight belongs to me. Nuff said. '3'

6. Craving

The mysterious Michael Myers left the room I remained in. As he was walking, I noticed his fists clenched so tightly, I wondered why he was angry this time. Of course, it was a super natural thing to have those large, callused hands balled up. I've been used to it.

I realize I've had compassionate feelings for Michael. Just having my eyes locked onto those many wounds & scars made a unusual feeling thrust in my gut. It almost made me _weep._

Michael was far more different than what I was thinking before in the past. I always thought he was a evil, twisted force of nature. Now, I think he's a generous, strange man. Both combined. A generous, twisted man. That wouldn't go together for anyone on the face of the Earth, but, I'm different. I _thought so._

Michael has become _attractive _for some odd reason, my feelings lacing tightly with him in my presence. Something about that man causes a flirty feeling to rumble at the very pit of my stomach.

I took notice of a blood-stained, sharp knife on the soothing bed I still remained on for flying time. Crafty, I reached a gentle hand on the pitch-black handle, gripping it. Wickedly smiling, I attempted to cut something with it. Not myself. No.

Something in my soul told me not to even bother resting a hand on this item that was so important to Michael. Squinting my dark eyes, I gritted my teeth, kindly resting the knife at my side.

I came to a thought about the blue bag I brought with me. I forgot I didn't have it with me at this very moment. Goodness, I needed the important thing.

I also took notice of the need for a shower. That is a reason why I need my bag. I think I'll be patient until Michael returns.

I was exhausted, as always. I gently placed my head on the luxury, slightly stained pillow, shutting my brown eyes as I kindly rested in slumber.

I woke up sometime later, shifting my eyes around the room to find the strange man I've been kidnapped by for days. There was no sign of him. Disappointed, I huffed, returning to resting, only I was reluctant to. I faced upwards to see the high, white ceiling in my view.

I _missed _Michael.

I _love _that masked serial killer for some major reason. After figuring out I knew him since I was a young toddler, my deep feelings to him, my craving for him to be right by my side, how he acts towards me. All of that important information jumped to a conclusion.

My heart ached without him here with me. As crazy as I seem to be, I _needed _Michael. I yearned for him to return soon, & I knew he would. Without a doubt.

I clutched the large, dark blanket in my hands as I pulled it up towards my chin, silently sobbing. My craving for Michael grew larger in my stomach. It was so major, it almost hurt.

I rose on my two feet, pacing towards the window to see beautiful skies of tropical colors. Colorful, autumn leaves took their time to rest onto the ground in a peaceful way. The bright, yellow sun suddenly rose to the horizon line, shining brighter & brighter each flying minute. Haddonfield was so peaceful. Well, despite of the Boogeyman, it was.

I also began to realize it was almost morning time. I loved these kind of mornings because it makes my presence feel gentle & content. It always made a grin grow across my face, just like it is now.

The shiny, reflective doorknob twisted clockwise as it signaled me to remain where I was. I quickly, but silently, crept to the large bed to settle on it. I was so happy, but also nervous for Michael to return with me. I frantically grinned largely, trying to feel more happy than nervous.

Michael's feet walked across the wooden floors, which creak's sounded so similar to a haunted house's door creaking open. I tried to hide my smile from him by pulling the blanket I was under over my curved lips because I had a confident feeling he would do that silly head tilt if I explained to him the reason for my feelings rising. It would also be very difficult to anyways.

I scooted over a few inches, barely patting my hand on the empty space for Michael to settle on. Indeed, he did.

He stared at the wall as if I was never even here, just focusing on it so much I almost snorted at the thought of that.

"Michael?", I nudged at him.

Michael turned to face me, his eyes so kind I almost kicked

myself.

"May I shower?"

He nodded. I didn't want to ask him about my bag. Not yet.

Sitting up, I paced to the bathroom door, opening it to take a calm shower. Showering was also a time to flee my inner emotions. Well, here in the Myers' home, it was.

I slipped my dirty clothes off, throwing them onto the floor. Another reason to have my bag. I needed clothes.

Turning around, I took notice of my blue Nike bag, hanging on a closet doorknob, grinning a shiny smile. I grabbed it, opening it to make sure Michael didn't sneak anything out of it. Fortunately, everything was there- until I dug deeper. My special knife was missing.

Michael must of hidden it somewhere I don't of, or maybe he secretly had it in one of his mechanic uniform's front pockets. I figured he would do that, but, I shouldn't have brought the poor thing with me on this dangerous adventure. Despite of my knife missing, I was happy to find my bag.

I took a small step into the shower, shutting the torn, blue curtain. I adjusted the water handles to where the water would be warm- it wasn't. I figured the water would be icy cold, & I would have to get used to icy chills racing down my spine.

Time later, I stopped the cold water from streaming over me, opening my bag to take out a pair of clean clothes. The spots of wet soaked onto the towel I brought with me, my body feeling drier & drier. I cuddled in thay towel, since I was shivering from the icy shower I took. I whipped my wet, brown hair, drops of water flying through the air.

I changed into my clean clothes, eventually brushing my hair. I walked out of the bathroom, sitting down besides Michael. He turned to me with that emotionless mask as his focus on his large hands came to an end. I stared at him for a few moments, twiddling my thumbs, extremely nervous.

I really wished that man could talk, but I know that wouldn't happen, unless he wanted to. If he could. I would ask him to speak, but I had a BAD feeling about what his reaction would possibly be. Probably a head tilt or stare.

I realized I was getting bored, since I rarely have nothing to do but do minor things, such as sleeping. I wanted to play a game. A game I can enjoy. I always had a favorite game that was simple & all you needed was your hand. Thumb wrestling.

Of course, I had other favorites I enjoy too, but thumb wrestling was the first one to reach for the top of my head. There was a problem. Who was I going to play with?

Author's note-

This chapter...I dunno. Romance takes place. : '3 Nicole actually

begins to love Michael. 3

Enjoy.

Michael Myers belongs to John Carpenter / Debra Hill.

7. Memorable Fun

I twiddled my nervous thumbs as Michael stared at the white wall in front of him. I felt invisible, since he wasn't putting any attention over at me. His large hands rested at his sides, motionless. There were moments when I would rub my thumb and index finger together. I never realized it happened, which would let me know it was just an automatic habit.

My growth of being bored just began to grow larger, and the larger it grew, the more irritated I became. I took my shoes off, only to be in my favorite pair of socks. They were grey, and they had a wing on each one. When I put my two feet together, it formed a pair of wings. Now anyone can tell why this pair was my favorite out of all of the socks I have.

Michael continued to stare at that same wall, like he never knew I was taking off my shoes.

Sitting up, I leaned to my side, reaching a finger towards his inactive hand.

"Michael?"

He faced towards me as his dark eyes widened, innocent as can be. I knew he wasn't innocent. At least I didn't think so. Like before, he would usually twitch as I made skin contact with him, but that vanished. I thought this man was beginning to change.

"Have you ever been bored before?", I curiously asked him.

He tilted his head, which made me think he clearly didn't understand me.

"Have you ever had times when there's nothing to do in your life?"

It took him a few moments to respond with a long, slow nod.

"Well, that's the way I am right now.", I claimed, blushing in embarrassment.

Michael didn't do anything, but he did listen to what I told him. Despite of the fact he couldn't speak, he listened to what I had to say to him since I've been here. I wasn't sure if he actually understood what I said, but I knew he listened. If he didn't, he could care less for me.

"Have you ever played games before?"

Michael never probably played a game before- well, maybe as a child, but that was many years ago. Too many to count. He probably forgot what a game was, which I doubt he didn't.

He shook his head.

"Not even as a child?"

Another head shake.

"I thought you would of.", I added for a kind thought to offer him, rolling up the soft sleeves of my shirt.

"Would you like to play one with me? Just a shot?", I asked him, smiling as positive as I could for a killer.

He shrugged as if he were to say, "Sure, I guess."

"Well, this one is easy. It's called 'Thumb War.' All you have to do is connect your hand with mine and we have to tackle one of our thumbs for about three seconds. Give it a go, Michael.", I explained to him.

~Third-Person P.O.V.~

Michael never accepted to be touched for a long period of time, and if he was, he'd feel uncomfortable. The only person allowed to touch him was himself. He could only trust himself, and that was clear for people to know.

Slowly, Michael reached out his large hand towards Nicole as she did the same with her much smaller hand. Their fingers curled together, which made Nicole shiver for a split moment.

Nicole's thumb hovered over Michael's fingernail, and she gave it a push downwards. "See? You have to do that for three seconds, easy. That's not too bad. That's basically what Thumb War is.", she said, lifting her thumb for Michael so that he could begin a round of Thumb War.

Michael hovered his thumb over Nicole's, pushing downwards on it. Nicole's thumb struggled to escape before the tap-out, but Michael's thumb had strength in which she couldn't even move it.

One, two, three.

"Woah. You're good for a beginner.", the dark-haired girl said in shock.

_'I'm so glad he didn't break my thumb. That would just hurt.', _she thought to herself privately.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Ehh..this chapter was just for fun. If I knew what fun was. Maybe so. I was bored, ok? ;w;

Enjoy.

Michael Myers (c) John Carpenter and Debra Hill.

Nicole belongs to me.

Just like my hands and feet belong to me.

Oh, I will say that a Guest reviewed this and told me it was dumb and I was copying Underneath (if you guys know that fan fiction)? For real? I was like, "Well, I'm not copying her. Who said I was?!"

I wanted to reply terribly bad, but we can't reply to guests, right?

Since that Guest reviewed this fan fiction, he/she almost made me want to stop writing and delete- DELETE it. I'm sorry, but when people review negatively, I almost just want to stop.

I don't want to, I just get that way.

8. Harsh Times

I fell into a deep, peaceful sleep. Waking up, I rubbed my eyes, sitting up on my bottom as I saw Michael's long limbs drooping over the edges of the luxury bed, motionless. Was he asleep?

I watched the rise and fall of his chest, listening to his calm, soft breathing that echoed through his white mask. I've never seen Michael asleep before, nor did I think he could sleep. We're all human beings, right? Wait- Michael wasn't human.

I shifted my eyes at his right hand as I saw a large butcher knife resting in his palm. Crimson blood stained the knife up to it's sharp blade.

My curious eyes transported to Michael's mask. A wicked grin grew across my face.

I wanted to see what was under.

I scooted closer towards the sleeping boogeyman, slowly but gently. My heart pounded against my ribs as I got closer. My hand was centimeters away from his sleeved arm, and, noticing, I swiftly removed my hand. I didn't want to wake him up.

I leaned in closer, as successfully as I could, curling my fingers around the very bottom of Michael's rubbery mask. I began to lift upwards to see a fraction of his chin. I lifted some more, and the more I pulled, the more of his face I could see.

I only lifted enough to see a whole chin before a hand grabbed my wrist.

My hand glided down Michael's chest quickly and then in the air. I tried with all my might to shake Michael's strong hand off of my wrist, but I only had the strength to stop that on a small child. His thick fingers felt like mini snakes wrapping around my wrist, which got me concerned.

He shoved me away from him, making me stumble on the bed, pulling his ghostly mask downwards to where I could see nothing underneath. He had his large left hand on my shoulder and a large, pointy butcher knife in his free hand. His breathing was heavy, and his strength beat mine. Concern glistened in my dark eyes as the big knife rose

above my chest. I saw my reflection on the side of the blade.

"Michael, please don't hurt me!", I frantically begged him.

Michael froze, releasing me, allowing me to sit up. He got on his knees, glaring at his knife that was still in his right hand. I shifted my eyes downwards to see so many large veins bulging in his clenched fists.

"Michael, I'm terribly sorry for trying to take off your mask. I went against my gut and wanted to see what was underneath. Please, I beg you, forgive me. There are times where I make the dumbest choices. And I just made one.", I explained to him, resting a hand on his broad shoulder. He looked up at me, the knife in his hand now on the surface of the bed.

He nodded in response as a large grin grew across my face. Michael crossed his legs as he stared at the wall, like usual. I laid back on the bed, resting my tired eyes as my head rested on my soft pillow.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

I was working on this chapter and the previous one at the same time, basically, so that's why this one is submitted pretty early.

Man, who knew Nicole was so curious? Like Curious George for crying out loud! No...she wouldn't fit in with PBS Kids. I didn't think so. Oh well. I think I'm getting off track with my point, and I'm not funny, so I think I should shut up and move on with submitting this chapter.

Enjoy.

Michael Myers (c) John Carpenter and Debra Hill.

Nicole belongs to me. I think I've said that enough to where you guys memorized that fact. Halloween fans know John Carpenter and Debra Hill owns one of the most evil slashers in horror history. I'm tired of repeating that.

9. The Bottom Layer

Michael left me alone for a few hours to rest and have time for myself. I wasn't in a fine mood; when I get in those moods, I needed to take a bubble bath. Which helped me with my mood.

I grabbed my Nike bag and opened it, taking out scented soap that smelt like raspberries. The scent even in the bottle surrounded me. I calmly closed my eyes as I took a small whiff in, smiling a shiny smile. I entered the bathroom, taking off my clothes and balling them by the side. I turned the clear faucets, water streaming from the fossit. I then remembered the water was icy cold, but I was greatful to have it.

As I put my small hand under the water, it suddenly felt _warm._ 'Why was the water warm?', I muttered to myself, surprised as the liquid got warmer.

I sat inside the tub, filling the water with the raspberry scented soap. I laid back, closing my brown eyes as my body began to feel warm. I rested my two feet on the tub, avoiding the drain to keep me from danger. Big, pink bubbles floated around me, making me smile as it reminded me of how content I was. I felt I was at _home.

-

Although there's a man who cares for me that could possibly hurt me in this specific home. Dear Lord.

~Michael's P.O.V.~

I wandered through the streets of Haddonfield with nothing much to do but release my tense rage. Nighttime was hitting in, my favorite time of the day. I could hide in the shadows, or _be _a shadow. Nobody would notice me in their presence. I gripped onto my butcher knife, feeling the rage sprout through my system.

I then paced into the dark, empty streets, standing perfectly still like a statue. I then heard a young, feminine voice that sounded like my baby sister's voice whenever she was younger. It was a little girl.

She had brunette hair that was in little pigtails. It flowed with the rhythm of the air. Her big brown eyes glistened into my dark ones. She wore a plaid dress, holding a little dolly in her small arms. She poked my side.

"Excuse me, mister, but I can't find my mommy and daddy. I looked through the streets, but I couldn't find them. Could you help me find them, please?", she asked in a high-pitched voice innocent as can be. I looked over her small figure, towering over her. I was giant.

I remained still, not responding to her question, of course. I look of regret grew across her face.

I then held out my large hand, giving her a sign I was going to help find her parents. It took her a little while for her to grab it.

"Thank you!", she sweetly said, smiling with two front teeth missing. We strolled down a street that was shadowy and dark, which was something I loved about Haddonfield. Maybe not for others. I_was _dark.

The little girl's tiny feet stood out of the dark ground, while my much bigger feet completely blended in with it. "Mister, I was wondering, why are you so quiet?", she asked me in a curious tone. I paused for a moment, remaining silent, my eyes shifting down at her.

"Hmm...I guessing you can't talk then?", she then added in, her little hands behind her back as she kicked the hard ground. I shrugged for a response.

"I have another question. Can you carry me? I'm afraid of the dark."

'I'm afraid of the dark' echoed in my twisted mind. I wasn't afraid

of the dark. I never was, even as a young boy I wasn't.

The young girl wrapped her little arms around my neck, allowing me to lift her with my two hands. She snuggled against my broad chest and put her hand on it, closing her eyes as I continued walking.

We went through the entire street, making a left turn to enter another street. Maple Avenue. I paced down the street until the little girl had a large smile grow across her face.

"That's my house!", she happily claimed as I bent down and let her run off to two adults.

"Mommy! Daddy! I missed you!", she said, exult, jumping as her brown hair flopped up and down on her small shoulders.

"Hang on a second.", she excused, running over to me. She wrapped her arms around my waist, snuggling her head against my broad chest.

"Thank you for helping me!", she sweetly said, waving good-bye to return to her parents. I then smirked under my mask, turning around to wander through the streets. I remembered that she didn't know I was a killer. If I were to speak and tell her that, I think she'd run off on her own to find her parents, screaming while doing so.

I then walked down Lampkin Lane, returning to my home to check up on the lonely Nicole.

~Nicole's P.O.V.~

I took a step out of the water-filled tub, grabbing my warm towel to dry off my wet skin. I wrapped it around my waist, releasing it and then drying my damp hair with it. Streams of water guided down my legs and I took care of them. As soon as I was dry enough, I threw on some fresh, new clothes, brushing my now dry hair. It curled up as I stroked the brush into it.

A lot of people really loved my hair because it was curly. People liked to put their fingers through the ringlets, some liked to pull them to be like little springs. Some styled it in unique style. I felt so blessed to have my curly hair.

I then returned to the bedroom to find Michael's presence settling in there.

"Hi, Michael.", I greeted him, adding a quick wave with my words. He added a head tilt as a big smirk grew across my face.

He sat in a white rocking chair, which I never noticed was where it was. I then took my place, our eyes meeting together. I crossed my legs, my eyes really beginning to focus on Michael's.

"Michael, can I ask you something?"

Michael's eyes widened, shrugging as if he were to say, "Sure."

"Okay. Now, I know you may go against this, but I want to see the truth.", I said, crossing my arms, my eyes piercing into his.

He tilted his head, clearly not understanding.

"You don't understand? I meant I want to see the truth behind that mask of yours."

I saw his eyes squint at me, shaking his head slowly.

"Why not? Are you afraid to show me? Explain." Shoot. I then forgot Michael didn't speak. I got so into what I was talking about, my focus on Michael's silence left. He remained still, no sign of a response to occur. "Umm, I remembered that I had a notebook and pencil with me. Need to jot down some stuff?", I added in for some enthusiasm.

I opened my bag to take out a blue composition notebook and red pencil. I handed Michael the two items and he slowly took them both. He began to jot down some words as he turned his back at me. I knew he didn't want me to see what he was writing, I knew it. Was it just _embarrassing _to him for me to see him writing?

He then turned back into his first position, handing me the notebook and pencil. I read it aloud as Michael's dark brown eyes twinkled. I looked into them, feeling kind and then looked at the lined paper he wrote on. When I first took a look at the paper, my jaw dropped as I noticed Michael had some nice handwriting for a killer, and I was shocked to know that someone like him could write like that. Although it was capitalized and bold, it was on the other hand neat and perfect.

'**I'M THE KIND OF PERSON THAT DOESN'T APPRECIATE THE TRUTH. I TRY TO HIDE IT, NOT SHOW IT TO THE WORLD. MY TRUTH IS HIDDEN FOR MYSELF, AND IT IS RIGHT NOW HIDDEN BEHIND THIS MASK. I NEVER WANT TO SHARE THIS TRUTH, BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO SEE WHO I AM UNDERNEATH, THEN BY ALL MEANS, HELP YOURSELF.**'

My dark eyes widened at these words that came from Michael. He really was that way, someone who hides the truth and reveals the lies. How dark and twisted.

"I understand, Michael. Can you not do it yourself?", I asked, glancing at him. He shook his head.

"Why not?"

He then took the notebook and pencil and began to jot down more information.

As he finished, he handed me the two items, lifting his large hand, which gave me a sign to begin reading his unknown words aloud.

'**I DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO REMOVE MY MASK. YOU MAY HAVE THOUGHT THERE WAS NEVER A TIME WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE COURAGE TO DO SOMETHING. IT'S NOT INCLUDED WHEN I REMOVE MY MASK. I HIDE MY FACE FOR A REASON, AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY, DON'T BE SHY TO ASK. I'LL GO AHEAD AND SAY IT. I THINK I'M UGLY. UGLY. THAT'S THE ONLY WORD I USE TO DESCRIBE WHO I AM UNDER THIS FAKE RUBBER. UGLY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE ONCE YOU SEE IT. PLEASE, GO ON AHEAD AND SAY I AM UGLY ONCE YOU TAKE A LOOK.**'

This man shattered my heart into pieces. Is that why he has been wearing a mask? To hide his ugliness? What if he _wasn't _ugly?

Salty tears slid from my eyes as the word 'ugly' repeated in my mind. Those were the saddest words I've ever heard from Michael. Now I know why he wears his mask all of the time.

"Michael, don't say that about yourself! What if you weren't ugly? I'll promise you this. If I see your face and see what the truth is, I wouldn't lie about it! I never lie to anyone!", I said as more warm tears trailed down my plump cheeks.

He nodded slowly.

I then went behind him, lifting the rubber of the lower mask. I tugged upper and upper to where his mask fell into my hands.

I got in front of him to see 'the truth' that belonged to him.

My jaw dropped, very similar to a cartoon charatcer's jaw dropping.

Michael had floppy, dark brown hair with bangs of the same type that covered his forehead. I could see his eye color much more better than before, and this time, they were the exact same color as mine. Chocolate brown. Those eyes were too round and big to belong to a serial killer. Large scars were everywhere over his face, which I wouldn't doubt. The largest scar was the one that crossed through his left eye down to his chin. He had a nose that was simply perfect. He had dark pink lips that seemed to be like pedals. The top lip was shaped as a cupid's bow and the bottom lip curved perfectly. He had round, plump cheekbones. They were way too cute. He also had an angeled jaw, which was also very perfect. Michael Myers, the boogeyman in Haddonfield, had the face of an angel.

I was speechless.

"Michael, what on Earth are you talking about? Ugly doesn't even describe your face! You're...you're beautiful! I'm not freaking kidding. Just because you have scars and wounds doesn't mean you're ugly!", I said to comfort him.

**'YOU REALLY THINK SO?' **He jot down on the notebook I handed him.

"Of course.", I nodded.

Michael smiled at me. And I smiled back at him.

I scooted in closer to him, touching him. I touched his dark brown hair. It was silky and soft, smiliar to a soft, cuddly blanket. I played with the strands, giggling. I then trailed down to his nice face, touching his nose down to his pedaled lips. I slid my thumb across his bottom lip, feeling how smooth it was. Michael closed his eyes at my gentle touches.

My hand then trailed down his broad chest. I rubbed up and down, feeling how stiff it was. It was stiff as a board. I could feel his steady, relaxing heartbeat under his shirt, which kept me calm at the

rhythm of it. I then moved to his arms. They were so solid and muscular as I gave them a soft squeeze. I smiled from all of this experience I had with Michael.

"Do you want your mask back on?", I asked him.

He took the notebook and pencil and began to write. This time it was quick. He handed me the notebook as I read aloud.

IT'S UP TO YOU, NICOLE. IF YOU WANT MY MASK OFF FROM NOW ON, TELL ME. I'LL KEEP IT ON AT TIMES WHEN I NEED TO.

"Sure. I'll hold on to it then. Oh, I have something to add. I think you have some neat handwriting.", I chuckled.

Michael then chuckled a little bit, nodding at my words.

AUTHOR'S NOTE-

Hello, my readers! I'm really excited to submit this chapter for you guys. It's longer than usual because I feel my chapters need to be longer. You guys deserve much more than I give you. :)

I'd say this is one of my favorite chapters because...I'm not sure why. XD

Please enjoy this chapter and reviews are delightful to me! ^_^

(you know the copyrights.)

10. The Splendid Outdoors

Waking up from a deep sleep, of course, I stretched, my tired arms reaching for the sky. I silently yawned, my hand covering my mouth. Turning to my right, I realized Michael was beside me, his sleeved arms crossed as his leg came over his knee. His foot circled one direction, and then the opposite direction. I am in the habit of doing that too, whenever my foot is still. It must move.

Facing in his direction, I began to have words crawl up into my throat.

"Hey, Michael? I have a certain question for you.", I said, circling my foot, along with him.

He turned to me, so innocently, I almost forgot what I needed to ask him.

"Can I get some fresh air?", I asked.

Clearly, he didn't understand, since he tilted his head.

"I meant I want to go outside. Just to suck in the air of the outdoors. You're always outside and I get kind of jealous," I chuckled, feeling a sensation of joy fulfill me. From the pit of my stomach to the bottom of my toes.

Going out the door, Michael left me alone for a few moments.

'What is he doing?', I wondered to myself.

A few seconds later, Michael came back with my black boots. I cheerfully smiled, lacing my boots on my feet, grabbing his large hand and pursuing his booted feet. On the way out, I grabbed my jacket. I know it's cold out there because of the season. Fall. Fall is very chilly to me, but not as chilly as Winter. Oh Heavens.

As Michael opened the door, I could already feel the fresh air of nature. I inhaled, remembering how wonderful it is just to be outside. I am pleased he is letting me out of the house for once. A strong gush of air blew across my face, leaving it freezing cold and leaving my nose red.

Still gripping onto his strong hand, he lead me into a path of woods. They were dark, shadowy, and tall.

As a young child, I remember holding my father's hand as we, together, went through the woods behind our old home. I remembered seeing the tall, spooky trees, the loud owls that hooted often, the eerie feel of a creepy place.

Holding Michael's large hand reminded me of that good memory with my father.

I smiled, flipping my curly hair out of my cold face. We continued to walk deeper into the woods, nothing disturbing us.

My mind swarmed with questions to ask the tall man next to me.

"Hey, Michael," I began to ask, "Have you ever done something fun with your Dad?"

* * *

><p>~Michael's P.O.V.~<p>

If I did something fun with my Dad. My father. I can hardly remember him or my mother since I was locked in Smith's Grove. Indeed, that was an interesting question for Nicole to ask.

I remember when I was six that he had purchased me a bicycle for my birthday. I did not know how to ride it until my father taught me the very next day I received it.

I can remember his husky voice as he taught me the basic steps. And as he told me, I will never forget how to ride a bicycle.

I had tried to ride my new bicycle, but I fell and scraped my knee. I wore shorts that day, which wasn't a splendid idea.

"Oh my, Michael, are you alright?", he asked me, running over towards me as warm blood ran down my leg. I could tell as a father, he truly had compassion for me. He always lifted my spirit with whatever he possibly done for me and my whole family.

"Yeah, Daddy," I smiled, "I'm okay."

"Let's go inside and get you a band-aid for your boo-boo."

As my father lifted me into his arms, I watched the crimson blood slide down my leg, wondering how I fell. Pain throbbed in my knee.

My father reached for a cabinet to reach for a blue box with band-aids inside of it. Removing the plastic, he gently placed it on my cut knee.

"There, that's much more better," he smiled at me, ruffling my shaggy, blonde hair.

I giggled, reaching my little arms around his waist. "I love you Daddy."

"I love you too, son."

* * *

><p>~Nicole's P.O.V.~<p>

I did notice it took Michael some time to respond to my question. With a long, slow nod. I wonder what he was thinking; most likely about a good memory, whenever he was a young boy.

I told Michael about the time with my father, whenever I was a small child, as he listened to me as we walked father into the woods.

I really appreciate Michael. Just because he's mute does not mean he doesn't have ears to listen to the words that came out of my mouth. I always had something to tell him for many reasons. I want to compare my life's experiences with his own, even if we are two completely different people in Haddonfield. Tucking my dark hair behind my ear, I offered a serious smirk at Michael.

"You know what, Michael? I realize that you can really listen to me; unlike my other friends. They never listen to me; even my parents can rarely take a moment to pay some attention to me. You're the only person who can take time to put your attention on me to listen for what I would like to tell you. I am so thankful to have you around because you understand me, even if you are mute and cannot respond to my words."

His dark eyes widened, giving me a sign he was shocked to hear my truth. Which, I believe, is a good thing because I bet nobody can really say anything generous to him, since he was a serial killer. A mystery. A wild animal. The Boogeyman. I felt pride for myself because I can be around Michael and not be physically, nor mentally disturbed by him. Unlike other people, he seemed super natural to me. For some reason. Some way. Some how.

* * *

><p>Hello my friends!<p>

Please enjoy this chapter. I put a lot of emotion in this, as in adding a little something with some emotion. Yes, it does relate to Michael. This will probably warm your heart. ;)

I know, it has been a long two months, but I finally got on and actually wrote this chapter and finished it.

Please, I hope you admire this chapter. I, honestly, do like this one.

Please note this does not steal any ideas from 'Underneath'. If you think so and you decide to give me a very negative review, leave this and leave me and my positive reviewers in peace. I said that in the kindest way possible.

11. The Other Side

Me and Michael had returned to his house after our long, interesting walk into the woods. He, of course, had gone off outside again to do whatever he decided to. I, who was very exhausted and dazed, rested on the comfortable bed to rest my tired eyes. Crossing my arms over my huffy chest, I inhaled deeply, remembering I am kidnapped and miss my parents very much. Now, staying in Michael's old home brought me no harm, but I remembered my bedroom, my parents, who are probably worried sick about me.

I should of listened to their great advice and stayed home. I did not expect myself in the hands of the Boogeyman. Not at all. But I also didn't doubt he would've been around because I prepared for him, in case I needed to.

BUT, despite of all of that information, I have no longer become stressed settling in Michael's home and began to admire it. I am very pleased and enjoy it.

Getting off my numb butt, I criss-crossed my legs, glaring into the white ceiling above my head, out of boredom. I had no thoughts in my mind, especially since Michael wasn't around. Michael is the one who makes things interesting; whenever he's not around, I am bored and solitary, but when I sense his presence, I'm not bored. It's how things are working here.

* * *

><p>One Hour Later...<p>

Nicole lay on the large bed she had remained on for a whole hour, turned on her right side. Her hand had reached out in front of her face as she continued to have no thoughts in her mind.

She suddenly heard very heavy, slow-paced footsteps reach near her. It was Michael.

Turning around, she had noticed how slow he walked as he entered the bedroom.

She had took notice of several gashes from the top of his head to the very bottom of his concealed feet. Crimson blood had splattered all over his blue mechanics suit. Large holes had been formed, especially around his broad chest. A huge hole had torn in the pants part, his bruised knee visible, his shoulder was visible as well. His veiny hands were very blood-stained, bruised, and slit. His fingernails were bloody as well. In his right hand held his large butcher knife, which was splattered with blood as well. Not like it was an unnatural thing.

Nicole heavily gasped, her hands covering her pink lips, her dark eyes widening.

A terrible feeling of sorrow and nervousness combined together at the bottom of her gut. She had never felt so sorry for a killer, especially for the way Michael had been beat. The gashes and blood had made her eyes water and her muscles tense. Her heart thundered inside of her, making her tremble to her knees.

"Holy..."

A moment of silence had paused her speaking.

The tears began to water in her eyes.

"Michael, what on Earth happened? Are you okay?"

Michael's knife had fallen straight out of his hand. He trembled on his bruised knees, his head drooping and his hand clutching his heart.

Nicole had ran down over to Michael, getting on her knees.

"Michael," she said, hoping for a sign that allowed her to know he was listening, "Please tell me what happened! I can get the notebook for you!"

Running towards the large bed, she grabbed the notebook, along with the pen that was hooked to it's clean cover.

"Here, tell me every detail of what happened!"

Raising his head, Michael had heard her. Grabbing the notebook and pen, he flipped the cover to find a blank page. He began to write.

As he finished, he handed the terrified Nicole the notebook.

'**I...I SPOTTED SOMEONE. SOMEONE WHO WAS A VIOLENT PERSON, BUT NOT AS VIOLENT AS I AM. HE THOUGHT IT'D BE FUNNY IF HE WENT AGAINST ME. I GUESS HE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE FOR WHO I AM. HE SHOT ME WITH HIS REVOLVER AND SLIT ME WITH HIS KNIFE, WHICH HAD NO EFFECT ON ME. OF COURSE, HE WAS SHOCKED I WASN'T DYING AT ALL. I, OF COURSE, KILLED HIM. I'M NOW IN PAIN, BUT I IGNORE IT. SOME PEOPLE THESE DAYS HAVE LITTLE RESPECT FOR ME, UNLIKE YOU. IT SEEMS YOU HAVE COMPASSION FOR ME. I SEE IT IN YOUR EYES. I DO. MY SISTER RARELY COULD STAND A CHANCE TO SPEND TIME WITH ME WHENEVER I WAS A CHILD. SHE ALWAYS IGNORED ME AND HUNG OUT WITH HER BOYFRIEND TOO OFTEN. I AM PLEASED YOU CAN CARE, ESPECIALLY FOR ME.'

>

After those depressing words, Nicole felt her heart break inside of her. She was surprised Michael had realized that she did have compassion for him, even if she admitted it or not. A serial killer had spoken innocent truth with her. He had spoken love. His side. He had shared the words from the bottom of his dark, cold heart.

Nicole knew him. She knew him well enough to understand he had a notch of innocence. Kindness. He bled. He ate. He inhaled and exhaled air that surrounded his atmosphere everyday. He had realized he had human feelings. He had humanity in him. The evil and rage that coursed through his veins mostly would bite his dark soul, but he had some humanity. There was nothing wrong with that fact. Forever and ever, it was part of him.

Nicole did not know what to do to support the beat-up man; all she could do was talk to him.

"I had no idea you thought of me that way. I honestly do have compassion for you, Michael. You've caught my truth, although I never hid it. I honestly feel sorry for you. I feel sorry for your wounds. Your scars. The blood that leaks out of you just about everyday. Your pain."

And now, Nicole had released her truth for Michael.

* * *

><p>No words to describe this chapter. Maybe you guys can help me?<p>

Poor O' Michael beat up and wounded. Nicole can't stand to see blood splattered all over him. Oh my.

Enjoy!

12. The Harsh Bully

"Hey, has anyone seen that Nicole chic anywhere?"

17-year-old Greg was the rudest, most terrible person in the Haddonfield High School. He would stick sticky bubble gum in people's hair, he'd throw textbooks needed for classes across the room. People was scam from his disturbing presence, their eyes fulfilling with fear and concern. Their legs would feel unstable and much like jello. One thing he was known for was his insane, outraging addiction to any drug.

Every morning as he walked into the school building, the halls were dusty and empty with nobody around. Not even a staff member. It was like Texas. He'd either have a lit cigarette held between his chapped lips, or he would hold a bottle of whiskey in his hand. The staff knew any sort of drugs were inappropriate for school, although when they saw Greg walk in with one, they'd whimper and scurry off someplace else. Even the principal did as well.

The following day, Greg had a cigarette in his mouth, his black hair into a floppy mess and his outfit was disturbing to every student he walked by. Spitting on the ground, he trashed his cigarette, taking notice of a 9th grader making direct eye contact with him.

"E-Excuse me, G-G-Greg," the young man whimpered, his legs shaking and his green eyes watering, "I-I'm sorry for g-g-getting in f-front of you."

Greg slapped the heavy textbooks out of his small hands, his fists

clenching by his sides.

"Oh, there is no 'sorry' to be told to me, I hate that word!", he hollered in his face.

The boy's eyes began to water, his cheeks blushing as he noticed a whole crowd of people surround him and the disrespectful bully.

"Ooo," shouted the crowds of students, many pairs of eyes widening.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm trying to find some chic named 'Nicole', I ain't see her in this school yet," Greg taunted, his nasty teeth gritting.

"Get out of my way, you little punk, or I'll knock your teeth out, or I'll stick some gum in your hair!", he yelled as the 9th grader quickly picked up his textbooks off the ground and placed them in his backpack for his classes.

"Hurray up, you big lump of lard! Ya' goin' to slow!"

The 9th grader sobbed, putting his backpack behind his back and running straight to his first class, his red curly hair flopping and his black glasses about to fall off of his face.

Someone had peeked through the window the whole time.

Michael Myers, the Boogeyman in Haddonfield, had witnessed something so terrible and unpleasant in that school. Even to him, it broke his dark heart to see something like that happen. He remembered that the bully had mentioned Nicole's name. He had curiously wondered why he wanted to know where her presence settled in.

The horrible wounds of multiple colors had made him wince and continued to throb in pain, although he continued to ignore it.

He remembered little Tommy Doyle being bullied and taunted in school back not to long ago. Sweet, young Tommy was rudely shoved and pushed by young boys around his age. One of them held out his foot, making him trip over onto the concrete ground and his large, heavy pumpkin wrecked into his face. That old memory flashed before his eyes as he witnessed what happened in the high school.

Gripping his large knife, his enormous hands began to form red blood beads, his fingernails digging into his skin as he watched Greg walk through the halls of the school to his class.

Another one to place on his Kill-List tonight.

* * *

><p>I decided I go into the bully in Haddonfield High School, the school Nicole is attending to. He is one bully alright.
xD.<p>

Michael witnesses everything, doesn't he? xD

Well, enjoy, this is for you guys!

13. The Death of The Bully

The large, bright moon glowed like a diamond in the sky, the wispy wind wooshing rapidly. The stars made a fine pattern up high, forming images that seemed to be everything. The nighttime was like a dark kingdom with a full imagination.

Michael walked through the dark grass that began to itch his ankles under his pants. Ignoring the unpleasant tingling, he continued to walk. Standing behind a house- a specific house, he watched Greg, the harsh bully in Nicole's school, come home with his friend, or as it seemed to be his friend, from someplace. He swung his torn backpack over his shoulder, throwing the worn-out cigarette in his mouth onto the grassy ground. His posture was wobbly and odd, and he moved around much like a wiggly worm. "Woo, them drinks I had earlier makes me feel woozy," his words oozed, his insides risen a little bit. "I'm stoned!"

"Oh yeah. That's the stuff," the other teen replied, smashing an empty bottle onto the ground. He began to snicker loudly, much like a hyena.<p>

"Hey, Jack, have you ever been shoved by someone?", Greg wondered, a mischevious look fulfilling in his dark eyes. "No," Jack breathed, his snickering coming to an end.

Greg stood in front of Jack, his large hands in front of him. He pushed them on Jack's broad chest, his balance unstable and the contact with his butt and the concrete ground present. Greg grinned wickedly, his nasty teeth revealing and a evil-sounding chuckle escaping his cut lips. "What was that for?", Jack gasped, his fists clenching at his sides. He felt anger course through his veins rapidly, and burning steam rise inside of him.

Greg didn't respond.

"Well, uh, I'm heading home now. My girlfriend is going to be mad with me if I ain't there by 11," the harmed teen claimed, looking into Greg's blank eyes and his anger calming.

He hopped into his beat car, his hand grabbing his backpack. He threw it in the backseats, caring less for the heavy, expensive textbooks he had in it that were for his homework, which he didn't even start on. Greg only stared, hearing the engine start and the car's wheels steer.

He turned around, walking up to the porch. Turning the rusted doorknob, he began to become frustrated because the door was locked. It usually wasn't. Reluctantly, he pulled out the small key from his backpack, forcing it into the keyhole. He twisted it in rage, heavily sighing as the door opened wide. He tossed it on the hard-wood floor, stratching his wrist. His thick bracelet had caused the tingling.

Michael spied near the wide open door, his black eyes squinting and his hand clenching his chipped, bloody knife tightly. Underneath his creepy mask was a smirk because Greg had no idea his presence was lurking. The teen turned around as Michael swiftly stepped aside. The cold wind gushed into the house, brushing over Greg's skin. He

shivered, his hand going across his left arm.

He proceeded upstairs, his foot tripping over one of the dark steps. He grabbed the handle, trying to grasp for air and balance. He got on his feet, continuing to his bedroom. Michael spookily pursued his steps at a slow pace and looked around in his bedroom. Greg's bedroom had skulls and rock band posters around on the black walls. He had old-looking action figures on shelves. Posters of women in bikinis piled over the walls. In front of Greg, who sat in a hopeless chair was a basketball hoop. He had the basketball in his hands. He tossed it into the hoop several times, getting angry because of the great number of times he missed it.

He heard a loud clash from outside of the door.

"Who's there?!", he shouted, standing to walk near the door. Not once did he hear a response. Walking slowly, his eyes shifted back and forth, trying to find clues because he knew something was going on.

"I'm talkin'. Who's outside my bedroom door? Speak up, pal."
>He could hear the sound of absolutely nothing.<p>

He began to become angry, his fist smashing into his palm. "Jerks," he muttered under his breath.

>Before his eyes was Michael Myers, his large knife held tightly in his hand and straight above his head. Greg gulped loudly, his heart pounding. He could feel and hear the blood circulating to his ears in great power.<p>

"W-Who are you, punk?!"

All he heard was the man's heavy, outrageous breathing echoing through his mask. His broad chest expanded with air and released. "Uh, I think you don't live here, so you might want to get out before I make my fist meet your face!", he screamed at the top of his lungs. Michael began to lower his knife to his chest, which scared him more than anything ever. Greg's heart thrashed super fast, and it seemed impossible to beat that fast to him. He heard it in his ears, loud and crystal clear. He shifted backwards, and from ten feet, he landed straight onto the ground, the floor making a loud thud. Michael watched his body fall, a large, concealed smirk growing underneath his mask.

One down for the night.

14. A Sad Ending

For months, I've tried to use every cell of my brain to come up with an interesting idea for this story. Ultimately, I sadly realized there is no hope for it. I've tried to get ideas from generally, but nobody really did. This story has come to an end. Gladly, I'd continue it, but I don't think there's any decent idea to pick up from the previous chapter.

I'm terribly sorry.

15. New Story

Hey everyone. It's been quite a while ever since I have updated you guys, but I'm making a brand new story, which of course, includes our favorite: Michael himself. Except, I'm using a new character.

Stay tuned for that!

End
file.